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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Angel of the Spring.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

Where'er she sets her shining foot,
The violets unfold;
Her pathway thro' the warm wet woods,
The buttercups and daisy-buds
Have paved with pearl and gold.

II.

Her eyes are dashed with April rain,
But May is in her mouth
(Behind a veil of yellow hair),
Forever breathing, rosy, fair,
The soft winds of the South.

III.

"Come out into the snowy fields,
Dear little ones!"—she cries:
"The trees are putting forth their leaves,
The birds are building 'neath their eaves,
Blue are the pleasant skies.

IV.

"By garden-wall and meadow-fence
My airy flight I wing—
Arise, my pets! the earth is new
With birds and flow'rs and light and dew;
Come forth, and chase the green lanes through,
The Angel of the Spring!"

Science and Religion.

"The Church neither ignores nor despises the benefits of human life, which result from the arts and sciences, but confesses that, as they come from God, the Lord of all science, so, if they be rightly used, they lead to God by the help of His grace."—*Vatican Council, Dogmatic Constitution on Catholic Faith and Reason, Chapter iv.*

Reason and faith, spirit and matter, God and nature are opposite poles of philosophy. Without them, there is no clear thinking; without them, religion and virtue, science and philosophy cannot even exist. The belief in spirit, like the belief in matter, rests on its own basis of phenomena, and it belongs to philosophy to reconcile these with each other. When we trace up the history of religion and that of science, we find the former meek and humble, like its Master; the latter, bold and defiant. In fact, the motto of science seems to be a new version of the old *non serviam* uttered by the first reasonable being against Truth itself. Alas! it is but too true, that the children of reason are constantly at war with the children of God. Science in almost every branch of human knowledge is, in this boast-

ing age of extreme liberalism, forced to conspire against God's holy truths, and to overthrow, if possible, the highest testimony of the inspired writers.

But, who are they that dare use reason—a pure gift of God—for this most shameful and ungodly purpose? Who are they that dare stand up against their God and Creator, and proclaim Him openly or implicitly a liar in rejecting His revelation? Yet, notwithstanding the enormity of this crime, we have men in this world of ours who do not blush to make the most daring and outrageous assertions in regard to these very points—men who devote all their energies, talents, and genius to the detestable and inhuman work of rejecting God's holy word, and establishing in its place their own absurd and foolish theories. Has it come to this with human reason? Is the mind of man so radically perverse? Is his mind so deeply rooted in malice, and is his audacity so towering high, that he dare nourish in his heart, and even express with his lips, the impious and satanic *non serviam*? It is true that the champion of truth has to deal with most strange enemies. Some there are who hiddenly hurl their devilish darts into the empire of truth; * whilst others, clothed in the deceitful garment of pretended honesty—of pretended love of religion and truth, cause lamentable confusion among the followers of religion and truth; others again—and not the most dangerous—take their stand as avowed enemies of the Church of God, by dealing fierce, but courteous blows, against what in their eyes appear some of the most vulnerable points of this well fortified and protected citadel.

But are the warriors against truth and religion obscure men—men of little intellectual acquirements, scientists without science, leaders without capacity, men without genius? Not so: no man who is not endowed with a superior intellect, or who does not possess an irresistible force of character, and a wonderful power of fascination can accomplish or perform great acts of religion or irreligion.

God has so constituted society that it cannot exist without leaders; and, as a necessary consequence, these chosen—the *élite* of mankind—must be possessed of superior talents to enable them to lead the rest; these talents may be used rightly, or may be abused; if they are used aright, they go to the achievement of immortal deeds in the cause of religion and truth; but if they be used amiss, they will accomplish only the works of the devil, and cause to be disseminated the seeds of error, superstition and vice.

When we look over the pages of history, we meet the names of leaders of both kinds, and by their fruits we can

* "For lo! the wicked have bent their bow; they have prepared their arrows in the quiver; to shoot in the dark the upright of heart."—*Psalm x, v. 2.*

know them. St. Paul with his burning zeal, St. Jerome with his immortal writings, St. Augustine with his great learning, St. Bernard with his stirring eloquence, St. Thos. Aquinas with his wonderful genius, St. Gregory, Hildebrand, with his indomitable force of character, which nothing could shake—all succeeded most admirably in the holy and noble works they undertook. Arius by his perfidious cunning and great eloquence, Luther by his eminent learning, Calvin by his fanatical hate and inflexible will achieved also great works, but sad and inglorious, because ungodly,—works that have caused whole nations to separate from truth and embrace error. These are the children of reason that have caused nations to weep.

Until a comparative recent date, religion and faith and their doctrines—theology—had been always attacked on their own grounds, either in a philosophical, scriptural or a theological manner; but now this is done in the name of science. The enemy imagines that by choosing a new set of arms he will be able to overpower the pillar and ground of truth. Renan tries to rob our Lord of His Divinity by means of philology; Semler and Eichhorn explain the miracles of Christ by physics; Lalande proves from astronomy that matter is eternal; Darwin would force upon us the belief that man is no more than a favored monkey; Dr. Maudsley will tell us confidently that there is no soul in man, because he never touched it with the scalpel when dissecting the human brain. Again this same individual annihilates free-will by physiology; Lyell demonstrates in his *own* way that Moses was a bad historian and a worse geologist; and Prof. Huxley would force upon us the belief that there may be a world where two and two do not make four, and that life has a physical basis of which it is nothing but a natural and necessary property. Tyndall destroys the existence of a Creator, by proclaiming that matter possesses "the potency and promise of every form and quality of life." (Belfast address; 1875.) Prof. Fiske, of Harvard University, in his *Cosmic Philosophy*, claims no other attribute for God, than that He is the "Unknowable." He does not reflect for a moment that "unknowable" is a negative term and therefore implies *non*-existence. Does not God say "I am who am"? and does He not therefore know Himself? and if so, what reason have we to reject the revelation and manifestation of Himself? Prof. Fiske has a fine philosophic mind, and we feel sorry that he cannot find another name for what he is pleased to call "Cosmic Zeus" than that word which gives full expression to all his ignorance—the "Unknowable." Prof. Fiske is one of those open, outspoken men whom we have mentioned as being less dangerous. In all his writings he is bold and keen-witted; but, in happy contrast with some of his fellows, he is always polite and courteous to his opponents. He is neither an atheist nor a materialist, for he will tell you that materialism is ruled out and relegated to the past; nothing but a scientific fossil, to record its existence some time in the history of science. Can we say as much of Tyndall and Huxley? Alas! no. They begin with the denial of free-will, and pass to materializing the soul of man, making of him nothing but a conscious *automaton*.

According to these gentlemen thought is produced by the combination and whirlings of the molecules of the brain; hence, religious sentiment and feeling with them, is nothing more than a physical change among the molecules of the brain. Tyndall, in his "Fragments of Science," says that "Faraday's religion was just the result of the eddying of his blood and the whirling of the molecules of his brain."

In fact, religion is nothing but a natural force that tyrannizes over man, and in the words of Tyndall—"mischievous, if permitted to intrude on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command."

These men imagine that with the destruction of religious feeling in man it will be easy to banish God out of the world, since He is the only motive and end why religious feeling exists at all. Banish religion from the masses of the people, and the consequences must be terrible. If God cannot reveal His will and manifest His divine law, then religion has no object, and the bases of right and justice, virtue and vice, become only so many words to express the necessary changes of the molecules of the brain, something for which man cannot be held responsible. This is truly a lamentable state of affairs, into which the teachings of modern scientists would lead us; and yet the state of different nations where these theories receive credence, prove beyond doubt that they are fast gaining ground, and come to be regarded as true among a large number of the people.

The world is indeed blind, and allows itself to be guided by the blind. Let a newspaper man get a hold of some strange and startling story, and mention a few high-sounding names in connection with it, and the story becomes true, a fact,—as it were, something requiring no further proof. Every one can remember the story of the young Herschel in regard to the inhabitants of the moon, whom it was reported he had seen through his telescope. Not many years ago, Barnum played a clever trick on all the scientists of America, not even old Prof. Agassiz excepted. The Cardiff giant story is still fresh in our memories. Less than a year ago, a man declared as dead, was brought to life by infusing the blood of a sheep into his arteries, and he was made to live and act like a sheep. So great is the authority of a Tyndall, a Huxley, a Lyell, etc., etc., that let one of these gentlemen start the wildest and most unfounded theory, and without further proof than because a Tyndall or a Lyell says so—therefore it cannot but be so—it is at once accepted. Should Mr. Huxley once say that in the dissection of the human brain he found the soul in the pineal gland, it would be accepted without any further ado. Let Dr. Buechner stand before a Cincinnati audience, or Huxley before a New York one, and they can deal out all the sophistry in philosophy; they are believed, and no one dare stand up and contradict them. Let Mr. Huxley run down our most sacred objects, and it becomes our duty to applaud him. Let Buechner affirm that there is nothing in existence but "matter and force," and scarcely outside the Catholic Church is there one found to oppose him. I cannot help here quoting Mr. Huxley himself in support of this statement.

In a lecture delivered before the Liverpool Philomathic Society in April, 1869, on "Scientific Education," he says: "It was my fortune some time ago, to pay a visit to one of the most important of the institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in these islands are trained; and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and of Dissent, was comparable to the difference between our gallant volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard.

"The Catholic priest is trained to know his business, and to do it effectually. The professors of the college in question, learned, zealous, and determined men, permitted me to speak frankly with them. We talked like outposts of op-

posed armies during a truce—as friendly enemies; and, when I ventured to point out the difficulties their students would have to encounter from scientific thought, they replied: ‘Our Church has lasted many ages, and has passed safely through many storms. The present is but a new gust of the old tempest, and we do not turn out our young men less fitted to weather it than they have been in former times to cope with the difficulties of those times. The heresies of the day are explained to them by their professors of philosophy and science, and they are taught how these heresies are to be met.’

“I heartily respect an organization which faces its enemies in this way, and I wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were in as effective a condition. I think it would be better not only for them, but for us.” Undoubtedly, there is no man better qualified to judge of these matters than Mr. Huxley. For these are the only men that effectually oppose him, and call out thus at every step he advances in his theories: “Prove first your premises, and then draw your conclusions. You are not permitted to draw a general conclusion from particulars. Never draw a greater conclusion than your premises warrant you. Do not use the argument ‘*a posse ad esse*,’” etc., etc.

The age is decidedly materialistic in its tendency; it is only a legitimate outgrowth of the deification of human reason, during the last century. Voltaire, the blasphemous sneerer at everything sacred to mankind, has only succeeded too well to destroy faith among the learned as well as the unlearned. Kant, Fichte, and Hume are the prophets and apostles of modern philosophy, and what a philosophy! A philosophy without God, without truth, a real denial of certitude and metaphysics; for what is idealism but a denial of certainty and objective truth? But it is in psychology we meet with the most absurd theories. Dr. Buechner, the representative of modern materialism, in his work entitled “Matter and Force” regards the brain as the substance of the soul. The brain alone, according to him, performs all intellectual and sensitive operations in the same manner as any other organ in the body performs its own physiological function. Life, again, according to others, is nothing but a correlative force to the chemical and physical forces in nature, which implies, of course, the mutual convertibility of either into the other. Food-stuffs have a certain chemical and physical force which, when coming in contact with the tissues of the body under certain conditions, will be converted into life-force. But Prof. Huxley goes one step farther: he maintains that there is even a physical basis of life, or a so-called life matter; this he calls by the scientific term of *protoplasm*, or, as Dr. Beale calls it, *bioplasm*. This substance, of course, appeared in nature spontaneously, and thus he would show the absurdity of a creation and a Creator? Who, to use the words of La Place, “is an exploded hypothesis.”

From all this, we see that once those great men get rid of the Creator, there is no theory too absurd for them in the explanation of the origin of matter, of the world, and the beings that live in it. Oken will tell us confidently that matter is eternal, and that everything, not even man himself excepted, must come from the sea. The origin of life he explains in a simple, and to himself (we suppose, at least) in a satisfactory manner. He says: “Whatever is large has not been created thus, but developed first from the brute, and the brute from some other smaller animal, as a mollusk or monad, which itself has been smitten into life by the

action of electricity upon a portion of gelatinous matter.” Whether Oken ever believed half the stuff he wrote, is doubted by the best naturalists. He could not account for the appearance of man in a satisfactory way, therefore, I suppose, he wanted to pass off this question by a stupid joke. Of course, stupid or ignorant people take this piece of nonsense on the credit of Oken’s just celebrity as a naturalist, and reasonable people are prevented from refuting him, for fear of bringing ridicule on themselves. I could enumerate, if space permitted, an indefinite number of the most absurd theories and speculations brought forth during the last twenty years,—theories which had a run of a few years, and then were put by on the shelf. The great fault with theories in science is, that they are based on the weak and shaky argument of induction. The scientific mode of reasoning is pre-eminently inductive. From a single fact, a general law must be deduced. From the fact that by artificial selection, man can produce in certain animals, so greatly marked varieties, so marked that they constitute races, Mr. Darwin induces at once that what can be done artificially by the selection of man, “may” also be done naturally by nature herself. This “may,” of course, soon appears as “are,” and this, is not only the case in a few forms of life, but in all. This he calls “natural selection.” But he does not stop here; he advances a step farther, and says that by natural selection, not only varieties and races may be produced, but also different species and genera and classes.

So much has been said and written on this theory of Darwin, that we deem it unnecessary to enter any further into its discussion. It is certain that the origin of species must be attributed to different causes than those of “natural selection,” “Struggle for Life,” or “Survival of the Fittest.” What is to be done to check the evil influence these pernicious theories must of necessity have on the mind of the less instructed? Shall we quietly look at the ravages caused by them in the intellectual world, or shall we engage, unprepared, in a scientific warfare, and thus add shame to our inevitable fall in the controversy? No: the only and best effective remedy against these pernicious doctrines, and to root out entirely their bad influence on the better world, is for the defenders of orthodox doctrines to rise on a level with the intellectual scientific standard of their opponents, and when thus completely prepared, let the battle be fought on scientific grounds. Until this mode of warfare be adopted, we shall have to dread and deplore the fatal ravages caused by misinterpreted science.

A. M. K.

The Spirit of Song.

In creating the human race, God endowed its various members with all the faculties, mental and physical, necessary to their existence and happiness. To some, He gave great strength of body; to others, extraordinary intellectual power; the one, He fitted for manual labor; the other, for mental exertion. But there was one gift which He dispensed with a lavish hand; one blessing which He seems to have denied to few; one boon, so precious, that we might almost fancy it to be the reflection of His smile, when in the world’s prime He held familiar converse with the yet sinless parents of our race,—the memory of which shortened many a weary hour of the long penance which followed their fall—it is the almost universal spirit of song.

Beautifully does that poet of the affections, Moore, describe its potent charm in the following stanza:

"Mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly;
And the passionate strain, that deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, and sweetens it, too".

"Song is the daughter of prayer," and the ever skilful agent of religion. Many a savage heart that refused to listen to her saving truths has been won by her sacred songs.

Chateaubriand relates in his account of the missions of Paraguay that the missionaries, remarking that the savages of that region were extremely sensible to the charms of music, embarked in canoes and sailed up the river, tuning the dipping of their oars to the rhythm of some touching hymn. The Indians, descending from their mountains, hastened to the river banks to listen to the captivating sound, and many, plunging into the water swam after the enchanted bark. The bow and arrow dropped from the hand of the savage, and a foretaste of the social virtues and of the first sweets of humanity seemed to take possession of his wandering and confused soul.

The spirit of song is not the inheritance of the wealthy, nor the acquisition of the savant; 'tis not the prerogative of high birth, nor the result of great intellectual culture. In the comfortless homes of the poverty-stricken are not unfrequently found her most gifted children. Many a weary laborer has been cheered by the merry song of a child, whose voice would yet hold thousands spell-bound, and at whose feet monarchs would hasten to lay their most precious gifts. Many a sorrow-laden heart has been soothed by an artless child, who carelessly sings of a better land. The spirit of song is the willing servant of nations, whether conquered or triumphing. The songs of the victor are not less expressive than the sad strains of the vanquished; the wail of the captive melodiously mingles with the chant of the free. The enslaved African, resting after the day's toil before his white-washed cabin, sings his quaint airs as freely as his master does the most classic melodies, amid the assemblages of wealth and beauty.

The universe is flooded with song; every breeze is freighted, every leaf on the forest trees permeated, every bud expanded, and every tiny niche in Nature's temple filled with its sweet spirit. From the moment when the Aurora dispels the shades of night till that in which they once more envelop the earth, the concerts of Nature continue; and, when fair Luna sheds her gentle radiance over the sleeping world, the sighing of the summer wind forms a sweet accompaniment to the song of the nightingale.

The human heart, so distrustful of the protestations of friendship, gives itself up without fear of deception to the charms of song. Ah! well it knows that

Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they—
Oh, 'tis only music's charm,
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

J. A. ALBERT.

—When Kemble retired from the stage, he distributed his costume of Coriolanus amongst his brethren. To Matthews he gave his sandals, upon which the comedian exclaimed, "I'm glad I've got his sandals, for I am sure I could never tread in his shoes."

Arms and Armor in the Time of the Crusades.

When the barons and knights of the West went to Syria under the banner of Richard Cœur de Lion (A. D. 1189 to 1199), and under that of Louis IX. (A. D. 1226 to 1270) to Egypt, to those regions which were so different from their own native lands, they had to encounter warriors whose armor and arms and system of warfare were alike strange and new to them. It will not be devoid of interest for us to compare those renowned combatants, and to observe in what more prominent and important particulars they differed from one another in their military appointments. This difference may be concisely summed up in two words, "heavy and light." The Crusaders were heavy cavalry, the Saracens were light cavalry. The soldiers of the West formed in a solid line for the charge; and they were well prepared to deliver terrible thrusts with stout lances, and to strike crushing blows with ponderous and strong maces and swords. The soldiers of the East were equipped for active and swift movement, and for rapid manœuvres; they were masters of fence with the light keen-edged scimitar, and were well skilled in handling the bow and arrow, and in darting with sure aim the sharp *jerriid* or slender javelin. The Saracen chiefs wore armor of ring or chain mail, admirably wrought, strong, and capable of great resistance, yet light and flexible, and in every respect superior to the more massive and cumbersome personal equipment which the Crusaders carried with them to the first crusade. This oriental mail, also, was richly and delicately adorned with gilding, but had no additional defences of plates attached to it. The head-piece, in like manner, was light, and afforded a remarkable contrast to the Western helmet; it was gilt and damascened with gold, with a far higher art than was then known among the armorers of the West. This casque, which was made of iron, was globular in form, or somewhat pointed at the crown; it was provided with a nasal, which was prolonged until it rose above the crown of the headpiece, where it expanded to receive a plume. The shield was small in size, round, boldly convex, and with an umbo, or boss, which projected and ended in a point. The offensive weapons were the dart, the scimitar, the dagger, the bow and arrow; and, after the first crusade, to them the lance was added. The inferior soldiers of the Saracens were for the most part archers. The knights of the West, well padded as they were, armed in mail and plate, and fastened to their saddles by the weight of their helms and of their double and triple armor, armed with long and strong lances, and mounted on immense Norman and Flemish horses, when formed in their long, well-dressed and serried line, brought to bear upon their opponents a weight and a pressure that at the first proved to be irresistible. Thus, in the earliest engagement, the Saracens were almost invariably broken and discomfited. But, when they had acquired some experience of their invaders, the Saracens were not long in recovering all the advantages which, for a while, had been in abeyance. It was not possible for them to be unconscious of the fact that in their climate theirs was the superior equipment, and the more advantageous system of warfare. So they returned, undismayed, to a conflict which for the moment had appeared to be almost hopeless. Lighter and more alert than the Crusaders, they rushed now on one flank of their massive battalions, and now on the other; as their opponents stood firm, yet almost powerless, they would

sweep round them like a whirlwind; or, if at any point they met with even a severe repulse, they returned speedily to the attack with fresh vigor and increased numbers. These were brave warriors, those dexterous and indefatigable horsemen. They would beat down the levelled lances with their scimitars; and while the knights, compelled to use their swords, were with difficulty bringing those weapons into play, the quick-eyed Saracens sought and found weak points where they might drive home their finely-tempered blades. And, again, comparatively trifling obstacles, such as might naturally arise from the nature of the ground whereon they fought, would check, and perhaps completely paralyze, the otherwise resistless charge of the heavy cavalry (it was the old story of the phalanx repeating itself), and would expose them to be sifted by the Saracens with showers of arrows, and with the tremendous Greek fire. This Greek fire was the terror of the Crusaders. "Every time," says Joinville, "that the good King (the French Crusader Prince) heard them projecting this fire, which when in the air was attended with a loud roar, he would throw himself prostrate on the ground, and with uplifted hands he would vehemently implore for himself and his army the Divine protection against so tremendous an engine of destruction."

Art, Music and Literature.

- Mr. Henri Kettten is going to Australia.
- Wieniawski's death, at Moscow, is reported.
- Miss Annie Louise Cary sails for Europe May 29th.
- Father Wilnowski, the learned priest and antiquary of Treves, has just died in that town.
- Coote and Tinney's Band, London, will henceforth be under the direction of Charles Coote, Jr.
- Sig. Luigi Ricci's "Cola di Rienzo" has been produced at the Fenice, Venice, but has not proved attractive.
- Before quitting Madrid, Mme. Christine Nilsson left 10,000 francs for distribution among the poor of that capital.
- Señor Gomez leaves Italy shortly for Bahia and Pernambuco, to conduct the rehearsals of his operas, "Guaraní" and "Salvator Rosa."
- The Boston Ideal Opera Company has made a great success with "The Sorcerer" recently given by them in New Haven, Conn.
- After concluding his engagement at Palermo, Signor Frapolli, tenor of her Majesty's Theatre, goes to Warsaw, to play *Radames* in "Aida."
- Wagner is expected to attend the Palestrina celebration at Rome next month, as also, probably, the first performance of his "Lohengrin."
- Mlle. Marie Zandt, a young American actress, has just made her *début* with success in the part of "Mignon," at the Opera Comique, in Paris.
- The Pope has bestowed the Cross of the Papal Order of St. Sylvester on Alexandre Guilmant, the eminent French organist and composer.
- A Paris critic says: "Essipoff's playing is a sunbeam playing over the keys; a spring sunbeam that goes about in the forest gloom waking up violets." O how poetical!
- Musical Record*.
- The members of the Harmony Vocal Association, Zurich, lately gave three performances of "Antigone" with Mendelssohn's music. They might have given three more with increasing success.
- M. Victor Duruy, the French historian, who was Minister of Public Instruction in France under Napoleon III., is now in Rome collecting materials for a history of ancient Rome, which he proposes to write.

—Miss Minnie Hauk arrived at Naples on the evening of March 3d. She was to make her *début* in "Mignon." After her Naples engagement, Miss Hauk will make a brief tour in Germany. She then returns to England.

—The "Prometheus," by Müller, is the last sensation at Berlin. Undoubtedly few sculptors have ever produced a more astonishing group. A child, after gazing a long while at the eagle which devours the giant's liver, exclaimed to his mother: "My book on Natural History is good for nothing; you must buy another for me." "Why so?" asked the lady. "Because there is nothing in it about eagles being so fond of liver."

—Richard Wagner is quoted as writing to Herr Nohl, who dedicated to him "The Letters of Beethoven": "You must have known what you were doing in dedicating this book to me; you must have known that you would offend that large class who constantly labor to impress the public with the idea that I despise our musical classes. Neither can you be ignorant of the reasons sought in support of this foolish notion; I, therefore, accept your dedication as a declaration of opinion, and offer you my best thanks."

—An English publishing house has in press an entirely new work on Poe, by J. H. Ingram. The book is said to contain a large amount of biographic material not hitherto made public, including more than fifty new letters, much fresh information about Poe's parentage, his early life in England and America, his school-days, his university and West Point careers, adventures in Europe, literary transactions, an explanation of the cause which drove him to stimulants, etc. The work will be issued in two volumes.

—A Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Good music-teachers are very rare. I am an old inhabitant of Paris, and have had a good deal to do with music for twenty years, and yet out of the legion of teachers who take \$4 a lesson, I know of but two who are capable of developing a voice,—M. Barbot and Mdme. Moriani. With all of the others, the voice is either strangled and turned up from the chest into the nose, after the style of the great conservatory professor, M. Pax, or else entirely cracked, as it is with Mdme. Viardot's pupils."—*Musical Record*.

—Poets were not numerous in the last English House of Commons. Lord John Manners has ostensibly eschewed poetry though there is a well-known couplet—

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility—

owning his authorship, which is likely to last as long as the English language. Mr. H. P. Sheridan is the author of a little volume of verse called "St. Lawrence's Well and Other Poems." Mr. J. Baring has tried his hand at a rhymed translation of the "Lyrics of Horace," and Mr. Alderman Cotton distinguished the year of his Mayoralty by publishing a volume of poems.—*Sun*.

—Colonel James R. O'Beirne, who has spent much time among the Indians, and especially that most powerful and barbarous tribe the Sioux, has for some time entertained the idea of publishing a book narrating his experience among the Indian tribes, their manners, customs, etc. With this object in view, the Colonel (Col. O'Beirne was, by the way, brevetted a General during the late civil war) has been collecting materials during his intercourse as a soldier, and later as an envoy extraordinary of the Government to the Indian tribes of the West, that might prove interesting to the public. He has taken a deep interest in Indian affairs, and his house in Washington possesses quite a museum of Indian curiosities purchased at his personal expense from several of the most noted of the Indian chiefs. Among these are fancy dresses, Indian tomahawks and arrowheads marked with blood stains, "medicines" (or, more properly speaking, charms) of various kinds, pipes and tomahawks combined, Indian tobacco (a kind of tree bark), moccasins, scalps, articles of dress ornamented with beautiful bead-work that would not do discredit to some of our civilized young ladies, trinkets of various kinds, and several charts and descriptions of battles drawn up by Indian draughtsmen in their rude way. Col. O'Beirne is a pleasing and practical writer; he has had much experience as a correspondent of the New York *Herald* and other papers, and if he sets himself to the work he cannot fail of

writing a book that will prove both interesting and instructive.

Exchanges.

—The *King's College Record* (Windsor, N. S.) for March, contains, besides a very fair poem of seventeen stanzas entitled "Memor et Fidelis," an interesting article on "Superstitions" and the thirteenth instalment of "That Room-Mate of Mine,"—which instalment, by the way, is unworthy the columns of a college journal, being remarkable, chiefly, for the preponderance of bad English and a total absence of humor. Our Nova Scotian contemporary would do well by studying the humorous scenes conjured up in some of our American college papers; they are interesting and full of fun, and do not murder the vernacular.

—The leading articles of the last number of *The College Mercury* are an interesting account of "The Easter Services" at Racine, and "The Mercury's Dream." In the "Dream" figure, of course, the figures of Ghosts and Goblins—well, we do not feel sure that the goblins can yet be classified as "damned," though, without a doubt, there is a great deal of damning done in regard to some of them. The *Mercury* man commits the unpardonable offence of making two bites of a cherry, and gives us only a portion of the "Dream," with the promise of the other bite a month later. This is extremely aggravating. Friend *Mercury*, don't do that again.

—The last number of *The Cornell Review* is a fine sample of college literature. "Dissatisfaction," a poem of nineteen stanzas, if not first-class poetry, has at least some very sensible passages and some fine poetic thought expressed in it. "Woman in the Greek Tragic Poets," by Frank Curtis Whitney, the recipient of the gold medal for the Woodford Prize Oration of 1880, is a fine classical production and shows familiarity with the writers of ancient Greece. The same may be said of C. D. Smith's article on "The Best Representatives of the Hellenic Spirit," "Aims of Actors and Agents in History and the Historic Results," and "The Peasant Insurrections of the Middle Ages and Modern Strikes" are well-written articles, but to our view depending more on brilliance of style than depth of thought, at least in portions. The editorial department headed "Paragraphs" is without a doubt the most interesting part of the *Review* to those beyond the walls of Cornell University. Here we find a pleasing variety of short articles on different subjects, all more than readable, and some of them very interesting. The editorial department, properly so-called, is replete with local matter. Altogether, the present number of the *Review* is a very creditable one.

—The last number of the *College Message* has a well-written article on "Alison as an Historian," in which the "historian" is shown up in a most favorable light. We hope "Historicus" will continue to enliven the pages of our southern contemporary with similar articles. As we see things, though, the allusion to the Missionary Tract Society were better omitted. It does not strengthen the article, but rather detracts from it. If borne out by stated facts it might pass, but facts should be stated when such allusions are made, else the writer runs the risk of condemnation on the score of bigotry. The article in the *Message* recalls to our mind some of the "historical" (?) pictures drawn by Hume,—that, for instance, of *Magna Charta*, in which Cardinal Langton, the Bishop of Dublin, and the English Bishops are left out altogether. Hume wrote to please himself and a certain class of readers, placing conspicuous events in the bed of Procrustes and chopping off heads and legs to make them fit it. Hume was a bigot of the darkest kind, and tells the truth occasionally only, for variety's sake, we suppose. Any one who reads Hume and Lingard, and compares their different statements of the same events, cannot fail to see many of the shortcomings of the former, even though the reader does not pin his faith to the latter. Hume's so-called "History" is of a color with the record of the origin of the London column which was built to commem-

orate the burning of the city by the "Papists" (?), but whose true character the poet Pope gives in the

"—— London's column, pointing to the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies."

—The March number of *The Princetonian* is, like the few of its immediate predecessors that have appeared since the athletics ceased to turn the heads of the Princeton students, replete with interesting college notes and literary matter. "Extracts from an Old Chronicle" is of a kind with the racy articles for which *The Princetonian* is becoming famous; instead of oil or arnica, it rubs salt into the festering wound of the Yale boys. But perhaps it is a kind of arnica after all. A brief but pointed article in favor of debating societies is very interesting, because truthful; there is no more reason why a debating society should become a secret society than there is for a religious denomination tying itself to the tail of a political party. "A Letter" is a very novel affair, and interesting withal, but we hope the editors will not rest satisfied with the abrupt manner in which their friend "John" concludes his "novel" letter. How did he get out of his dilemma? Was he arrested—or taken before the other members of his family for identification? That's the substance of what we want to know, but we would like to have the particulars also. Whether he was arrested or not, the editors of *The Princetonian* should have their friend "John" locked up for such a barbarous ending to his story, and make him finish it in his own way before giving him liberty. That "Oxford College Story" is unfit to appear in a college paper, and we regret that such a first-class paper as *The Chronicle* should have been guilty of giving it publicity. It is fit only for such a paper as Don Piatt's *Capital*, and Don Piatt's *Capital* ought to be squelched by the police authorities until it becomes ordinarily decent.

New Publications.

THE RELIGIOUS MISSION OF THE IRISH PEOPLE AND CATHOLIC COLONIZATION. By J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, New York: Catholic Publication Society.

Some four or five years ago Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota, commenced the great work of colonizing with Irish Catholics, the abundance of unoccupied lands in his State. He sought to bring them from out the toil and drudgery in which their lives were spent and wasted away in the crowded city and factories and mills of the country, and enable them to live as free men in a free country, breathing the pure air of heaven. In 1876 his first colony was established, and since that time his efforts have everywhere proved successful. His work has been extended to other States, and already, within the present year, an association has been established in Chicago, whose object is to place within the reach of Irish settlers the means of procuring a house and homestead in the lands of the Northwest.

The book which Bishop Spalding has just issued has been called forth by this plan of colonization, and its appearance at the present time cannot fail to give a new and most powerful impetus to the movement which has taken a fixed and firm hold in the hearts of the people. It is a book, every chapter of which is marked with that logical acumen and depth of thought for which the gifted author is so noted. We regret that our limited space will not permit us to give copious extracts from the work itself, but we recommend it to the careful perusal of our readers as a work which brings home forcibly to every thinking mind the one great fact in the present existence of the Church, especially in these United States, namely, that the work of Catholicity is mainly done by the Irish race.

Bishop Spalding finds in the movement referred to the means by which the Irish people in America can most effectually carry out the designs of Providence in their regard. To them has been intrusted a mission, the highest and noblest that can be given to a nation. What Judea was to the nations of old, the country chosen by God before all the rich and powerful nations of the earth, to receive the sacred deposit of His revelation, such is Ireland before the nations of modern times.

She received the faith eagerly and joyfully from her great

Apostle. She placed no opposition to the minister of God—not one drop of martyr's blood was shed. And this great fact makes the conversion of Ireland without a parallel in the history of the Church. The faith thus received she has preserved pure, unsullied and uncorrupted through centuries of persecution and suffering; and to-day her children are everywhere throughout the world spreading the truths of the Gospel. Their "sublime and heavenly mission is to be called upon to do a great work for God's zeal and authentic kingdom in this world—the Catholic Church."

The author, after speaking of the decadence of Catholicity among English-speaking nations, thus describes the work of Ireland in its revival:

"If now we return to explain the rebirth of Catholicism amongst the English-speaking people, we must at once admit that the Irish race is the providential instrument through which God has wrought this marvellous revival. As in another age men spoke of the *gesta Dei per Francos*, so may we now speak of the *gesta Dei per Hibernos*. Were it not for Ireland, Catholicism would to-day be feeble and non-progressive in England, America, and Australia. Nor is the force of this affirmation weakened by the weight of significance which must be given to what the converts in England, and the Germans and the French in the United States have done for the Church. The Irish have made the work of the converts possible and effective, and they have given to Catholicism in this country a vigor and cohesiveness which enable it to assimilate the most heterogeneous elements, and without which it is not at all certain that the vast majority of Catholics emigrating hither from other lands would not have been lost to the Church. No other people, to repeat what I have elsewhere written, could have done for the Catholic faith in the United States what the Irish people have done. Their unalterable attachment to their priests, their deep Catholic instincts, which no combination of circumstances has ever been able to bring into conflict with their love of country, the unworldly and spiritual temper of the national character, their indifference to ridicule and contempt, and their unfailing generosity,—all fitted them for the work which was to be done, and enabled them, in spite of the strong prejudices against their race which Americans have inherited from England, to accomplish what would not have been accomplished by Italian, French or German Catholics. No other people had received the same providential training for this work; of no other people had God required such proofs of love."

In succeeding chapters the author contrasts the peace and security to be found in the country with the temptations and dangers which beset the inhabitants of the crowded city. He shows that the inclination of the Irish emigrants to stay and fritter away life in our large cities has more than anything else retarded the progress of the Church in this country. He concludes by speaking of Catholic colonization in general, and of the work of Bishop Ireland, and the Irish Colonization Society in particular, and makes a strong appeal in favor of the movement.

As an appendix to the work, the author republishes two essays which were formerly written by him and printed in the *Catholic World*. In the one entitled "Amid Irish Scenes," he gives the impressions produced upon him during a brief visit to Ireland; and the other, "English Rule in Ireland," sets forth the iniquities and tyranny of England in its government of the Isle of Saints.

The book is well gotten up, printed in large, clear type, and we bespeak for it an extensive circulation.

THE LIFE OF SAINT BENEDICT, PATRIARCH OF THE WESTERN MONKS. Translated from the Second Book of the Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great, Supreme Pontiff, By P. Aurelius McMahon, O. S. B., Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., Baltimore Street. 1880.

The life of St. Benedict in an English dress cannot fail but to prove interesting to pious Catholics, and to all who wish to know the life and labors of the great patriarch of the monks of the West. Hence, too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the Rev. translator, for enriching the English language by the addition of the above-mentioned volume. St. Benedict is a name that always conveys to the soul thoughts of God, of religion, and of the many graces lavished upon those who follow in the footsteps

of the Saviour of mankind. This new publication immensely pleases us, and we heartily recommend its perusal to American Catholics.

College Gossip.

—Spain has 16,889 university students.

—Hamilton is soon to receive an endowment of half a million dollars from the Presbyterian Church.—*Ex.*

—The Library at Georgetown College is the best possessed by any Catholic institution in the United States.

—President Anderson, of Chicago University, favors secret societies. Anything for notoriety or popularity.—*University Press.*

—Sandford Fleming, Esq., C. M. G., Ottawa, Canada has been elected Chancellor of Queen's College by a few votes over Vice-Chancellor Blake, of Toronto.

—There are not less than eleven public Catholic colleges affiliated to the London University containing 1,600 students, who are reading for University degrees.

—The Columbia-Princeton-Pennsylvania race will be over a mile and a half on the Schuylkill, June 28th, for a cup presented by George W. Childs.—*Harvard Echo.*

—At Rutgers, the Freshmen interrupted the Sophomores' exhibition by throwing fire-crackers on the stage.—*Queen's College Journal.* Such rowdyish conduct is a disgrace even to Freshmen.

—Prof. in Veterinary Science: "Mr. S.: to what class of animals does the horse belong?" Mr. S.: "I think, Professor, it belongs to the Sophomore class."—*Ex.* That's a most beastly pun.

—The Dartmouth College nine opened play in a match with the Bostons on the 12th and were easily defeated. The Amherst College nine have not yet entered the field against professionals.—*Sun.*

—Dartmouth College students have been deprived of the right of voting by the Legislature of New Hampshire. This is in keeping with the illiberal policy of the State from its birth.—*University Press.*

—Princeton College is to have a new telescope, costing \$25,000. The money to purchase the instrument has been subscribed by the friends of the college, Robert Bonner heading the list with a subscription for \$10,000.

—The Bishops at the head of the Paris Catholic University have decided to conform to the law as embodied in M. Jules Ferry's educational bill by altering the name of the institution to that of "The Catholic Institute."

—A company of Vassar girls were found by a professor fencing with broomsticks in the Gymnasium. He reminded the young ladies that such an accomplishment would not aid them in securing husbands. "It will help us to keep them in order," replied one of the girls.—*Ex.*

—A Dr. Borne, of French extraction, has left all his property to the Louisiana University, on condition of the revenue accumulating for 100 years, and being then devoted to the publication, in all known languages, of his MS. work, "Maxims and Aphorisms," every library in the world to be supplied with a copy.

—The Nationals, of Washington, D. C., defeated the Brown University nine, with Richmond as pitcher, at Washington, on the last Monday and Tuesday of March. The Nationals scored seven runs, the Brown University nine, four runs. The playing by both nines was excellent, although the weather was so cool as to benumb the hands of the contestants.

—The Princeton College nine began their professional practice games on April 3d, when they defeated the Southwark nine from Philadelphia by 6 to 1. On April 7th the Princetons had a close contest with the Philadelphia Athletics, under Fulmer's captaincy, the college nine losing by 4 to 3 only. On the 10th, the collegians defeated the Athletics by 11 to 4. This week the Princetons go to Philadelphia to play a match on Thursday with the Pennsylvania University nine, and on Friday they play the Lafayette College nine in Easton, returning home to Princeton to play the Worcestors on Saturday.—*Sun.*

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, April 24, 1880.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the THIRTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—On Friday, April 16th, Notre Dame enjoyed the visit of a very distinguished gentleman, the Honorable E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, ex-Minister of the United States to France. Mr. Washburne was accompanied by Mr. Clem. Studebaker, of South Bend, and the gentlemanly editor of the *South-Bend Tribune*. The arrival of the distinguished party was almost a surprise to the College authorities, but officers and faculty were soon on hand to tender the hospitality of Notre Dame and do the honors of the occasion. The news had already reached the students, and almost before the guests were seated in President Corby's parlor, a serenade was in order. The students, who had already assembled in the main hall, were then addressed by Mr. Washburne in a few brief, well-chosen remarks, and recreation was given for the remainder of the day. The party then visited the Church of the Sacred Heart, the artistic beauties of which were most favorably commented on by the distinguished visitor. Mr. Washburne is a gentleman of fine appearance and pleasing address, and his visit will be long and favorably remembered at Notre Dame.

The first musical *soirée* to which we have been treated this year took place on last Monday evening in the large College hall in presence of the members of the Faculty and students. We always like to see such Entertainments, and if there was one thing that we missed during the present scholastic year it was the non-appearance in public of our young musicians. Thus far, however, it was almost impossible to have things so thoroughly arranged as to render such Entertainments more frequent, but now we are glad to see that by means of arduous exertions on

the part of the directors of the Musical Department, everything is in such order that we may expect to hear from this Department many times yet before Commencement. Never, before perhaps was there such talent for music at Notre Dame as there is this year; and what is better calculated to develop this talent than appearing in public?

The programme rendered on last Monday evening was varied and interesting. Each performer acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the audience; hence we have but to say that these Entertainments are eagerly looked for by all at Notre Dame, as, when properly conducted, they cannot fail but to prove beneficial to the performers, amusing and instructive to the audience. We hope, then, to see a more frequent occurrence of these musical Entertainments during the remainder of the present session.

The Celebration of the Festival of the Patronage of St. Joseph at Notre Dame.

Perhaps there is no festival of the whole year that is celebrated at Notre Dame with greater solemnity than the Patronage of St. Joseph. This Saint is the special Patron of the Brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross, as the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the patronal of the Priests; therefore it was that on last Sunday the ceremonies here were of an unusually impressive character. At 10 o'clock, a. m., Solemn High Mass was sung in the beautiful Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Very Rev. President Corby being celebrant, assisted by Revs. Nicholas Stoffel and James Rodgers as deacon and subdeacon.

Brother Basil rendered some beautiful selections on the grand organ, and the Choir was under the able direction of Rev. M. Fallize. At the Offertory, an *Ave Maria*—solo—was sung in an affective and pleasing manner by Prof. M. T. Corby, of Chicago. The panegyric on the great Saint of the day was pronounced by Rev. Christopher Kelly, who, we must say, did ample justice to his theme.

Father Kelly commenced by saying:—We have assembled around the altar of God this morning, dearly beloved brethren, to celebrate the feast of one of the greatest saints that ever adorned the Church of Jesus Christ—a man whose name is recorded on the Church's annals as one of her brightest and most glorious patrons,—a man whose name is known throughout the whole world, wherever a Catholic priest offers up the Holy Sacrifice, or wherever a Catholic people hear the voice of their pastor. This man is St. Joseph; and we are assembled here to animate our confidence in his powerful protection, and to rehearse once more the oft-told tale of his greatness and his merit.

It is true, there are many saints shining in the kingdom of God to-day, whose names are not recorded in the world's history. Anchorites in the desert, monks in their cells, nuns in their cloisters, priests on their missions, students in their halls, clerks in their office, and laborers in the field have fought and conquered the enemy of our salvation before now; and although there is no record of their names in the books of men, yet there is a full record of them in the books of God's everlasting kingdom. Again, there are names of saints whose fame is so great that the whole world is familiar with them. St. Mary Magdalene, St. Augustine and St. Francis Xavier are names that are known to us all. The glorious St. Patrick, whose children have brought the faith and the Gospel of Jesus Christ to almost every land under the broad canopy of heaven, is a name

which is known throughout the whole Catholic world, and will be known even unto the Judgment-day. But amongst the mighty saints, whose names have been written upon the world's history—amongst the mighty saints adopted by nations as their patrons, whose names are familiar to every household—where religion and civilization have extended—is the name of St. Joseph, the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Rev. preacher then went on to show that of all men that ever existed on this earth St. Joseph, from the very nature of his office, held the highest place in God's regard. He next proceeded to draw a comparison between the Church and the House of the Holy Family. Wherever upon this earth a Catholic Church is built, there the humble grotto of Bethlehem is placed, as if in visible form before the eyes of men. And, although the sacred temple may be marvellous among the world's marvels for its lofty dome rising high in the air, or for the stately strength of its massive pillars, or for the beauty of architecture and sculpture that adorn its interior; yet, to the Catholic heart, its chief beauty consists in this, that it is designed to be—what it was Bethlehem's privilege to have been—the house of the Holy Family. It is, in the first place, designed to be a shelter for Jesus Christ; for He will live there His wondrous Sacramental life, as really and truly present on the altar as He was in the Manger at Bethlehem. It is designed also to shelter Mary, His Mother. Whilst other so-called Christian churches—with affrontery ruder than that of the inn-keepers at Bethlehem—shut their doors against the Blessed Virgin, forbidding every pictured window or storied wall to reflect her sweet and tender countenance, the Catholic Church, which alone contains Jesus, alone welcomes His Mother, and places her at the right hand of Him who is her Son as well as her God. And from Jesus and Mary she would never separate him to whose guardianship they were confided by the Eternal Father. Hence, from the very beginning of Christianity even to our own day in the faded frescoes of the sepulchral chapel of the Catacombs, in the cathedrals of the ages of faith, as well as in the humble village church of to-day, near to the altar that bears the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, close to Mary, the Mother of God, the grand and venerable figure of St. Joseph has ever held his due place of honor. It is only thus that to Catholic eyes a church fully realizes its design; for Joseph is the head of the Holy Family of which the Church is the new House of Bethlehem.

As the wisdom of God chose Mary from amongst all the generations of women that ever appeared upon this earth as the one most fitted to become the Mother of the Incarnate Word, so the same wisdom chose St. Joseph from amongst all the generations of men. Bending His gaze into the future Almighty God saw rise up before Him Abraham with his lofty faith, and Melchisedech, the royal priest, and Moses, the faithful servant, and David, the man after His own Heart—He saw Isaias with his soul of fire, and the bravery of the Machabees, and last in the magnificent procession of all the saints, and heroes, and prophets that have ever sanctified the earth, He saw St. John the Baptist with his incomparable holiness. The Searcher of the minds and hearts of men saw them all, and measured out to each the esteem that was his due; but not one did He choose for His work until His eyes rested in pleasure on the perfect soul of St. Joseph, and then, out of the entire human race, him, and him only, did He choose

to be the faithful and prudent servant who should rule His household. And, oh! dear brethren, for what a grand and sublime trust was he not chosen. Sublime was the trust reposed in Noah when to his care was committed the Ark, bearing in its frail embrace the hopes of the entire world. Sublime was the trust confided in Aaron when the Ark of the Covenant and the very glory of God was intrusted to his keeping. Sublime was the trust given to David, when the weal of the tribes of Israel was placed beneath his sceptre. But there was something unspeakably more precious than the Ark, or the Tabernacle, or the good estate of a mighty people, namely, the honor of Mary Immaculate; and this—the most precious thing the eye of God looked down upon—was entrusted to the guardianship of St. Joseph. Nay, more, the Son of God Himself—the Second Person of the most Adorable Trinity—was handed over to St. Joseph's charge, and thus Almighty God shared with him His own paternity, and allowed him to be, in a manner, His co-operator in the great mystery of the Redemption.

The Reverend speaker then referred to the divine virtues of faith and charity, which must be reflected in the life of every saint; and having proved that those shone forth most conspicuously in the life of St. Joseph, he continued: To St. Joseph, first of all the human race, did God communicate the knowledge of the mystery of the Immaculate Conception by the power of the Holy Ghost and the Birth of the Son of God, the dim forecasting of which has been the glory of the prophets of old; upon his ear first fell the delicious sound of the sweet name of Jesus, and his heart was the first to thrill with the rapturous knowledge that the world's salvation was at length at hand.

Never, until the Judgment day, will we be fully able to realize the happiness and privilege of St. Joseph during those long years of personal contact with our Divine Saviour. Light after light, grace after grace, streamed in upon his soul from Him who is "the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." The conformity of St. Joseph's will to the will of God was so conspicuous that he has ever been looked upon as the most perfect model of an interior soul.

There was one among the Apostles who was especially called the disciple whom Jesus loved, and when we come to enquire why this title was given him, we are told that it was because Jesus permitted him to recline on His Bosom on the night of the Last Supper. Now, if to be once permitted to rest his head on the Heart of Jesus was proof enough that John was the beloved of his Master, what are we to think of the love of Jesus for St. Joseph, upon whose heart the Infant Saviour so often pillowed His Adorable Head? Nor, in addition to this proper privilege of his own, was he debarred from that accorded to St. John. For there came at length a day—the last of his life—and his pulses beat more feebly, and the shadow of coming death fell darker upon him. There stood by his couch Mary, his beloved Spouse, and Jesus, the Son of God; reverently and tenderly did the Virgin raise the drooping head of the dying Patriarch, and laid it where John's head had been, on the Breast of her Son, and thus supported in the arms of the Author of life, resting upon the Heart that was the throne of love, St. Joseph breathed forth his happy soul, bearing with it as it went the crown of a love, like unto which no mortal brow had ever worn.

But although St. Joseph has departed from our midst,

and to-day reigns in the kingdom of God's everlasting glory, still his care for each and every one of us is not in the least diminished. Before the year 1870, we honored St. Joseph as the foster-father of Jesus, the Spouse of Mary, the patron of a happy death, and the just and faithful man whose whole life was one act of unselfish devotion to Jesus and Mary. But on the 8th of December, 1870, the late glorious, immortal and saintly Pontiff, Pius IX, proclaimed him as Patron of the Universal Church. Thus a new glory was added to the one which he had already possessed—a new jewel was added to his crown—and a new motive was furnished us for confidence in his power. It is true, that grand old Mother Church of ours may be persecuted and despised; she may bleed and die in the person of her children; she may have tears in her eyes and blood upon her garments; men may scoff at her as she passes, and fling back with words of insult the blessings she had petitioned for them in her love; she may be cast out from the homes that she herself has built; the strong ones of the world may forge tethers for her, and the wise ones intrigue, so that they may succeed in marring her work, and tearing from her embrace the little ones she is conducting towards heaven—but, as sure as God reigns in heaven to-day, as sure as St. Joseph is her chosen and fond protector, so sure will the day come that shall behold her triumphant resurrection.

Look at the Church's history for the past 1800 years, and you will find that the hand of God has ever guided her and the prayers of St. Joseph have ever protected her.

Here the preacher reviewed the different persecutions and triumphs of the Church for the past eighteen centuries, and concluded as follows: Whatever may change, the Church of which St. Joseph is the chosen patron cannot change. The hills may be moved from their basis—the mountains may fly asunder—nations may rise and fall, and dynasties may disappear,—but there is one power, one institution, one teacher and defender of the faith that can never fade or die, and that is the Catholic Church, the immaculate spouse of Jesus Christ.

Personal.

—Dr. A. M. Owen, '67, has started a Medical Journal at Evansville, Ind.

—Frank Luther (Commercial), '76, is in a dry-goods store at Albion, N. Y.

—Aloysius Rheinboldt, (Prep), '79, is travelling in Germany with his parents.

—William A. Shehon (Commercial), '77, is in the furniture business, St. Louis, Missouri.

—G. Darr, '73, who is now at Heidelberg, Germany, will return to Cincinnati sometime in June.

—Rev. John Ford, has been transferred from St. Joseph's, Ind, to St. Aloysius's Home, Notre Dame.

—Joseph Homan, (Prep), '79, starts for Europe next week, where he will remain until the reopening of school in September.

—Mr. M. S. Foote, C. S. C., ('73) has been appointed to teach in the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis.

—We understand that T. Sherman, who was a student here in '65, will soon return from England to the Jesuit Novitiate, at Frederick, Md.

—Warren C. Kain, (Commercial), '65, is doing business for the Firm of J. F. Baum & Co., Booksellers and Stationers, etc., Vicksburgh, Miss.

—Lieut. Governor Gray, of this State, accompanied by

Rev. Mr. Stover, pastor of the Christian Church, South Bend, visited Notre Dame last week.

—J. Norfleet who was called to his home in North Carolina by the death of a near relative, is pursuing his studies under the direction of a private tutor.

—Ex-Minister E. B. Washburne, Clem. Studebaker Esq., and Mr. Miller, editor of the *South-Bend Daily Tribune* were among the visitors at Notre Dame last week.

—S. T. Spalding, (Law), '79, has entered the political arena. He is a candidate, on the Democratic ticket of Lebanon, Ky., for city Attorney of that place.

—Rev. P. J. Franciscus, C. S. C., President of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, Ohio, visited Notre Dame on Wednesday last. Father Franciscus looks well, and we believe his days of poor health are over with him.

—Rev. John Shea, C. S. C., arrived here from Austin, Texas, towards the close of last week. It is unnecessary to say that all his old friends here were delighted to see him. Father Shea has been appointed Chaplain at St. Joseph's Farm, near Notre Dame.

—Rev. P. J. Colovin, C. S. C., President of the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., spent some days at Notre Dame towards the close of last week. Father Colovin is in the best of health, and all of his old friends here were rejoiced to see him.

—We are sure the many friends of Mr. P. J. Hurth, C. S. C., will be pleased to learn that he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Covington, Ky., on Easter Tuesday. Father Hurth celebrated his first Mass at Holy Trinity Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Low Sunday. The SCHOLASTIC wishes Father Hurth health and days.

Local Items.

—The Philopatrians to-night.

—The weather is rather changeable those times.

—The grounds around the Professed House are being put in grand order.

—What's the matter with our correspondent "J. B.," has he hung the *voco*?

—Competitions next week in the Course of Modern Languages and Fine Arts.

—The disciples of "Izaak Walton" are rather scarce around here those times.

—Saturday morning sermons are now delivered by Father Kelly immediately after Mass.

—The baseball players fixed up their grounds on Tuesday to be ready for it on Wednesday.

—Since the departure of Father Condon for France, the Prefects have a little additional duty to perform.

—The genial Father Ford is with us again. He looks well, and is as liberal and good-natured as ever.

—Our botanists were out on Wednesday. Their achievements in the world of flowers are not yet reported.

—"Did you hear that terrible storm last night?" was a question asked by many individuals on last Sunday.

—The students of the Rhetoric Class had a lively debate last week as to the advisability of students reading daily papers.

—The little garden just in front of our office is being put in order by Bro. Robert, who is determined to make it look *noice*.

—A large number of visitors from South Bend and the neighboring towns attended divine services at Notre Dame on Sunday last.

—The *soirée* on last Monday evening was enjoyed by all present. It was in every way worthy of the musical talent at Notre Dame.

—Two loons made their appearance on the St. Joseph's Lake this week, and, of course, our young nimrods paid them their compliments.

—It is surprising to see what a number of tramps visit

Notre Dame every day. The fine weather, we believe, fetches such individuals around.

—It is quite amusing to see the many games indulged in by the Minims on recreation days. Baseball, we believe, is now their favorite sport.

—The Philopatrian "Zouaves" have been receiving good instructions for the last week, and we may expect to see them in fine trim this evening.

—The College libraries are receiving large donations. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, and Cunningham & Co., Philadelphia, have acted very generously in this respect.

—On last Wednesday, the Star of the East Baseball Club did some fine playing, and, better yet, came out victorious, after a close and well-contested game with the Juanitas.

—On Wednesday last, a lively game of baseball was played between Fletcher's nine of the Juniors and the Quicksteps. Score of 5 to 2, in favor of Fletcher's nine.

—President Corby, Fathers Kelly and Walsh express themselves as highly pleased with the attention of the students during the instructions on Wednesday mornings.

—Yesterday, the 23d, was the anniversary of the great fire at Notre Dame. We noticed nothing unusual in the countenances of the students, except that some were a little reflective.

—The second game of basball between the Eureka and Quicksteps was played on the 18th inst. The Minims won again by a score of 13 to 3. Mr. Geo. Donnelly acted as umpire.

—The great fire-pump which is on trial here for some time, was put to the test by Father Zahm on Wednesday last. We do not know as yet whether it has satisfied the College authorities.

—A friend of ours had a letter this week from Rev. Father Carroll, Vice-President of the Sacred Heart College, Watertown. He is almost completely recovered from his recent indisposition.

—Our friend John had made up his mind to put away his winter clothing on Sunday last, but he had a different story on the following morning, as he walked around muffled up as if in the middle of winter.

—Mr. Bonney, the photographer, will soon be at his old stand near the SCHOLASTIC office, on Wednesday mornings, where all those who wish to have anything done in his line of business may find him ready for work.

—The best, and, we believe, the most interesting game of baseball of the season was played on last Wednesday between two regular nines of the University. On this occasion Mr. Oliver Tong, South Bend, acted as umpire with entire satisfaction.

—Ex-Minister Washburne informed the Cicerone who conducted him through the University Church that its interior is without doubt the most beautiful he had seen any place in this country. He also said that he had seen very few that equalled it even in Europe.

—Miss Abbe Hemenway, of Burlington, has the thanks of the Lemonnier Library Association for a donation consisting of 342 numbers of various American magazines, and several files of Washington papers for the years 1863, '64-'65, also several copies of the Clarke papers and nine numbers of Sadliers annuals.

—Persons wishing to guide strangers or others calling on business by hanging out a "shingle" at the door of their rooms, should be careful to consult the taste of an individual who has kindly undertaken the supervision of all such matters, as otherwise their signs are liable to be surreptitiously removed at night and thrown out on the rubbish heap.

—The apples trees, notwithstanding the cruel treatment they lately underwent in being deprived of some of their most cherished treasures, commence to put forth their buds and assume an animated appearance. There is, however, one thing certain, that they feel renewed vigor since they heard that their old and declared enemy, the horticulturist, had left Notre Dame, and had gone to commit some of his depredations on the poor trees at the St. Joe Farm.

—The *South-Bend Tribune* speaking of ex-Minister Washburne's visit to Notre Dame on Friday evening of last

week says: "At Notre Dame Mr. Washburne was received in the grand hall by President Corby and the Faculty. and shortly after the students assembled in the corridors, where he was serenaded by the Notre Dame Cornet Band, Mr. Washburne thanked the Band and the students for this mark of esteem, and said he should guard in his memory this visit to an institution about which he had heard so much, not only in this country, but in France, where their revered Father Sorin was now visiting. Mr. Washburne's remarks were warmly applauded. He was afterwards introduced to the members of the Faculty."

—On last Wednesday afternoon as we sat in our sanctum, viewing steadfastly the Minims at play, a curious thought came to our mind. Well, it was curious, because it was in regard to the Minims. The fact is, we wished we were young—young enough to be a Minim, and sport, and play, as only our wee men can do. But alas! the more serious thoughts of an editor soon came forward and quickly banished the other, so genial and so kind, away. We were sorry for it, and strove to whistle it back, but it refused to come, saying it was not made for such as us, but for those whose minds are susceptible of what is loving, beautiful, generous, innocent, and good. Poor creature, what are we to do!

—The Beta Kappa Mu Philadelphian Society, of the Class of '80, proposed a "College Cheer" to the Senior Department, which was adopted as the future "cheer," by a majority vote of 48 for 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Nostra Domina. By a minority of 16 "N-O-T-R-E—D-A-M-E! Hurrah! " " " " 1 " S-s-st! Nostra Domina! Boom! " " " " 1 " Hip-hip! Hip-hip! Hip-hip! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! " " " " 1 " S-s-st!—Boom!—Ah—h-h!

Number of voters 67—

" " minority votes 19

Majority vote, 48 in favor of 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Nostra Domina! Mr. Cocke, Captain of the Notre Dame Military Company, has kindly volunteered to introduce the "Cheer," so that all may be better enabled to catch a uniform and agreeable sound. Respectfully.—ALPHA.

—Mr. Nathan Young, of Mishawaka, one of the oldest residents of the county, has shown us a quantity of manuscript prepared by himself relating to the early history of this region of the country, with which he was familiar. Mr. Young is a man of intelligence, possessing an active mind and tenacious memory remarkable in one of his years, and what he has recorded is probably more reliable and more in detail than anything heretofore written. He feels that these memories should not be lost, and has therefore transferred them to manuscript at a considerable expenditure of time and money, and as in their present shape they are valuable to present and future generations he would like to receive a small advance on the manuscripts to enable him to complete them, the party so advancing the money to take his pay out of the proceeds of the sale or publication of said manuscripts, and the remainder to go to Mr. Young. Any one interested in the matter can see the manuscript by calling on or addressing Nathan Young, Mishawaka.—*South Bend Register*.

—Peter F. Cunningham, Catholic Bookseller, 29 South Street, Philadelphia, has generously donated the following works of his own publication, for which the Lemonnier Library Association return a vote of thanks: *Meditations of St. Ignatius, Senischæ; Tigranes, A Tale of the Days of Julian the Apostate, Father John Joseph Franco, S. J.; Marion Howard, or Trials and Triumphs; Hawthorndean, or Philip Benton's Family, Clara Thompson; Cinneas, or Rome under Nero, Villetranche; Adeline, or First Experience of the World after Leaving School; Raphaela, Mlle Monnot; Indian Sketches, De Smith; The Acolyte, or a Christian Scholar; Grace Morton; Alphonso, or the Triumphs of Religion; Daily Life of the Sick, Abbé Perregone; Simon Peter and Simon Magnus; The Sign of the Cross in the 19th Century; Life of St. Stanislaus, Thompson; Life of St. Theresa; Divine Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, De Cesare; Life of St. Augustine, Moriarity; Life of St. Thomas of Villanova; Leandro, or the Sign of the Cross; Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna, Northcote;*

The Year of Mary, D'Arville; Life of the Blessed John Berchmans, Boero; Life of St. Catharine of Sienna, Cartier; Life of St. Charles Borromeo, Thomas; Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga.

—The members of the Lemonnier Library Association gratefully acknowledge the receipt of donations from the following persons: From A. Lent; Willard's United States History; Brown's Essay's; from T. M. O'Leary, of Van Antwerp Bragg & Company's Publishing House; History of the United States; Good Morals and Gentle Manners, Gow; The Schools of Indiana, Smart; Ancient and Modern Historical Atlas; Eclectic Series of Geographies; from Prof. J. A. Lyons; Spalding's Miscellanea; Martyrs of the Coliseum; Monasteries of the Levant, Curzon; Lectures on the True, Beautiful and Good, Cousin; Exposition of the Apocalypse, De Preter; Sketches of Turkey in 1831 and 1832; The Complete works of L. E. Leland; from Mrs. C. Hug, Indianapolis: Letters to Squire Pedant; by Lorenzo Altisonant; added by the Library Association; Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding; History of France; Life of Luther, Audin, 2 vols.; Life of Henry VIII, Audin; Life of Columbus de Lorgues, 2 vols.; History of Ireland, Mooney, 2 vols.; Chitty's Blackstone, 2 vols.; Ruins of Nineveh and Persepolis, Vaux; Miss Starr's Poems; Anthon's Classical Dictionary; *Scribner's Monthly*, Vols. 17 and 18; *Catholic World*, Vol. 30; History of the Roman Catacombs, Northcote; Longfellow's Poetical Works; History of Louisiana, Charles Gayarre, 3 vols.; Americus Vesputius, Life and Voyages, and the Discovery of the New World; Cary's Dante.

—Philadelphia, so barren of good authors, gives us a charming and cultured Catholic poet in Mr. M. F. Egan. It would be difficult not to enjoy the dainty volume of his songs and sonnets lately published under the name of "PRELUDES," by P. F. Cunningham, Philadelphia. It is mostly composed of true, poetical poetry, some being "bathed through and through with the limpid light of Keats, that sweet intellectual Greek light," to steal the words of one critic. The following sonnet, exquisite in itself, also happens to come near being a correct picture of the type of poetic genius mirrored in this maiden book:

MAURICE DE GUERIN.

The old wine filled him, and he saw with eyes
Anoint of Nature, fauns and dryads fair
Unseen by others; to him maiden hair
And waxen lilacs and those birds that rise
A sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise
Brought charmed thoughts: and in earth everywhere
He, like sad Jaques, found unheard music rare
As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.
A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he,
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
Till earth and heaven met within his breast:
As if Theocritus in Sicily
Had come upon the Figure crucified
And lost his gods in deep, Christ giving rest.

—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

—On Wednesday, April 21, the first game between the Juanita and Star of the East Baseball Clubs for the championship, took place. After a very close and interesting contest, the game was decided in favor of the latter, by the following score:

STAR OF THE EAST.	R	O.	JUANITA.	R.	O.
F. Bloom, p.	0	3	G. Sugg, 1st b.	1	5
C. Karins, 2d b.	1	4	G. Pike, 2d b.	1	2
F. Devoto, 1st b.	2	3	W. Arnold, l. f.	2	2
J. Kinney, s. s.	0	5	H. Deehan, s. s.	0	5
B. Clagget, c. f.	1	3	A. Burger, c.	1	3
A. Lent, c.	2	1	C. Hagan, p.	0	4
R. Campbell, r. f.	0	3	M. Burns, 3d b.	1	2
W. McGorrisk, l. f.	2	2	F. Wall, r. f.	1	1
J. Smith, 3d b.	0	3	F. Smith, c. f.	0	3
Total	8	27	Total	7	27

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
STAR OF THE EAST..	0	0	0	2	1	1	2	2	0	—8
JUANITA.....	0	3	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	—7

Two-base hits—R. Campbell, W. McGorrisk, and W. Arnold. Bases on called balls—A. Lent, and F. Bloom.
Umpire—Oliver Tong.
Scorers—F. M. Bell, and W. G. Jones.
Time of game—2½ hours.

The Star of the East Baseball Club was organized some time since, the following being the officers: Director, Bro. Theodore; President, A. Lent; Secretary, J. Kinney; Treasurer, F. Bloom.

—The following is the programme of the Eighth Annual Entertainment to be given this Saturday evening April the 24th, by the members of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association of the University of Notre Dame:

PART FIRST.

Grand Opening March.....N. D. U. C. B.
Song and Chorus—"Excelsior".....Society
Address (Salutatory).....A. M. Coghlin
Song—"Old Colony Times".....
.....J. W. Guthrie, N. J. Nelson, J. A. Larkin
Declamatory Exercises.....Society
Song and Chorus—"Putting on Style".....G. Rhodius and Society
Prologue.....W. Start
Golden Slippers.....J. Guthrie, G. Rhodius and J. Larkin
Music—"Flotte Bursche".....Orchestra

PART SECOND.

"HUMORS OF THE STRIKE."

CHARACTERS.

Greenbax (President of Bertrand and Niles R. R.)...F. Groenewald
Hartshorn (A Diwectaw).....E. Gaines
Trumps (Superintendent).....J. V. Cabel
Knockdown (Conductor).....G. C. Castanedo
Whipstock (Ticket Agent).....S. Livingston
Hardhead (A little deaf).....J. Seeger
Finnegan (A Fenian).....O. Farrelly
Dan (A Niles Chicken Dealer).....A. Conyne
Song and Chorus—"Cumming Threw the Rye"—Words by the
author of *Prince of Portage Prairie*...J. Guthrie and Society
Music.....N. D. U. Cornet Band

THE PRINCE OF PORTAGE PRAIRIE;

OR,

THE BURNING OF BERTRAND.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.—Virgil.

A Grand Spectacular Drama, Written Expressly for an Entirely Different Occasion by a Member of the Faculty, and Entirely Remodelled for this Occasion.

The Prince (*Facile Princeps*).....P. Fletcher
Alexander (the nephew of his uncle).....P. Nelson
Duke of Goshen (who believes in Civil Service Reform) M. Vedder
Marquis of South Bend (Blue Ribbon).....G. Rhodius
The Barber of Mishawaka (Imported to Vote).....J. Devitt
B. Von Blenkensniderhausenblitzer (Burgomaster of Edwardsburg, who hasn't joined yet).....J. Larkin
Necromancer of Niles (a saucy sorcerer).....A. Conyne
Hermit of the Valley (an Old Foxy).....E. Croarkin
Water Spirit (not Spirit of Nitre).....H. Foote
The Original Arkansas Traveller.....O. Farrelly
Dr. Pangloss (an ancient Pedagogue).....F. Phillips
A Butler (to the Prince), much reducedF. Groenewald
1st Usher " " "F. Becker
2d " " "W. Coghlin
3d " " "P. Nelson
4th " " "S. Dering
Bugler (who blows his own horn).....J. Boose
Captain (who is up to snuff).....M. Herrick
Sitting Bull (materialized).....F. Rettig
Corporal of Zouaves.....H. Devitt
Commodore of Steam Propeller.....E. Litmer
Daniel Boone Pompey (rather inclined to be musical).....
A Herald.....V. Cable
Tecumseh.....G. Castanedo
Seigel (2d Lieutenant).....G. De Haven
Flascala (Corporal).....A. Rohrbach
Zachary (Courier).....H. Guynn
Marmion (Sergeant).....S. Livingston
Cleon (Sergeant).....J. Kelly
Zouaves, Indians, Dancers,J. Ruppe, R. Pomy
Drummers *ad libitum*.....C. Perry, J. Wilder
Epilogue.....F. Johnson, A. Hierb
.....N. Nelson

GRAND TABLEAU.

Closing Remarks.....

Music.....Band
During the play the Band and Orchestra will discourse appropriate music. Jos. O'Neill will command the Zouaves.

Roll of Honor.

[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. M. Anderson, R. C. Adams, J. Berteling, J. Brice, F. Brennan, M. T. Burns, J. Casey, B. Casey, T. F. Conlan, W. Connolly, G. E. Clarke, F. Clarke, F. W. Brown, L. Clements, D. Donahoe, J. Dempsey, J. Delaney, H. Deehan, A. Dobson, M. English, M. B. Falvey, E. Fogarty, G. Harris, C. L. Hagan, R. L. Johnson, C. H. Harris, F. Kinsella, J. Kurz, P. B. Larkin, E. Lynch, F. Lynch, R. Lanham, J. B. McGrath, W. B. McGorrick, M. J. McEniry, J. McNamara, P. McCormick, J. D. McRae, A. Meyer, E. Molitor, C. Moore, R. Marlett, J. Noonan, G. G. Nester, I. J. Newton, R. C. O'Brien, J. O'Reilly, J. Osher, G. Pike, L. M. Proctor, W. Ryan, F. Reeves, T. W. Simms, H. Simms, G. Sugg, J. Solon, L. Stitzel, P. F. Shea, J. Smith, F. Smith, L. Smith, C. B. Van Dusen, C. Whalen, H. Wathen, A. Zahm, T. Zeien, J. Hunt, W. M. Hess.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Brown, A. Burger, C. Brinkman, T. Byrne, A. Bodine, F. Becker, M. J. Burns, M. Butler, A. Burmeister, A. Caren, L. W. Coghlin, J. Devitt, H. Devitt, F. T. Dever, J. E. Davis, G. W. De Haven, T. F. Flynn, G. Foster, H. G. Foote, P. J. Fletcher, J. J. Gordon, F. H. Grever, J. W. Guthrie, J. A. Gibbons, F. W. Groenewald, E. F. Gall, A. C. Hierb, A. J. Hintze, J. A. Hermann, J. T. Homan, F. R. Johnson, P. A. Joyce, J. M. Kelly, F. A. Kleine, L. S. Keen, S. Livingston, J. A. Larkin, F. McPhillips, C. J. McDermott, J. L. Morgan, W. J. McCarthy, J. E. McCarthy, A. S. Manning, F. P. Morrison, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, R. E. O'Connor, J. P. O'Neill, E. A. Otis, C. F. Perry, F. B. Phillips, F. A. Quinn, C. H. Roberts, C. F. Rietz, F. J. Rettig, J. Ruppe, C. F. Rose, A. S. Rock, A. H. Rohrbach, R. C. Simms, A. P. Perley, J. K. Schobey, E. G. Sugg, J. A. Seeger, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, F. C. Schied, C. Schneider, C. A. Tinley, C. H. Thiele, M. A. Vedder, J. B. Weitzel, N. T. Weny.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. H. Hanavan, G. P. Van Mourick, D. G. Taylor, W. M. Olds, G. Woodson, E. A. Howard, J. M. Courtney, J. S. Courtney, G. C. Knight, H. P. Dunn, H. A. Kitz, H. C. Snea, J. I. Smith, J. A. Campan, J. H. Dwenger, C. C. Echlin, J. E. Johnson, E. M. O'Donnell, J. A. Kelly, H. J. Ackerman, E. C. Campau, E. L. Oatman, H. Mitz, C. Mitz, L. J. Young, C. Young, A. A. Molander, J. E. Chaves, A. F. Schmückle, E. H. Bourdin, J. R. Bender, F. Farrelly.

Class Honors.

[In the following list are the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

J. B. McGrath, J. P. Kenny, J. B. Berteling, R. H. Russell, R. Anderson, M. McEniry, D. Harrington, J. Noonan, R. O'Brien, R. Stewart, G. Sugg, W. B. McGorrick, A. Zahm, M. J. Burns, W. J. McCarthy, T. Simms, A. S. Rock, F. Grever, E. Orrick, P. Larkin.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. G. Taylor, G. Knight, J. Smith, G. Tourtillotte, J. Henry, E. Howard, E. Droste, A. A. Molander, J. H. Dwenger, J. A. Kelly, J. E. Johnson, W. V. O'Mally, A. F. Schmückle, J. R. Bender, E. L. Oatman, F. B. Farrelly, C. Mitz, H. Mitz.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions which are held monthly—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—T. Simms, J. B. McGrath; Latin—J. B. McGrath, F. W. Bloom, J. B. Berteling, J. P. Kinney, A. J. Burger, E. Orrick, A. Zahm; Greek—J. B. McGrath, F. W. Bloom, B. Claggett, D. Harrington; English Composition—; Rhetoric—; English Literature—; Logic—; Algebra—R. Anderson, M. McEniry; Geometry—R. Anderson, W. Thompson, M. English, J. Casey, P. Larkin, F. Brennan, C.

Whalen, F. Grever, G. Clarke; Trigonometry—P. Larkin; Surveying—E. Orrick; Botany—; Physiology—; Zoology—; Geology—J. Berteling, G. Sugg, J. B. McGrath, J. P. Kinney; Physics—M. J. Burns, M. J. McEniry; Chemistry—F. W. Bloom; Calculus—G. Sugg; Astronomy—; Mechanics—G. Sugg; Machine Drawing—R. M. Anderson; Architectural Drawing—L. M. Proctor; Shades and Shadows—A. J. Burger; History—J. B. Berteling, T. Simms, P. Larkin, A. Rock, C. Van Dusen, G. Sugg, R. Campbell.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On Monday morning Rev. Father O'Shea said Mass in Loretto, at which the Juniors assisted.

—At the regular meeting of the Christian Art Society the reading was from "Thoughts About Art" by Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

—In St. Luke's Studio the beautiful wild flowers, now so abundant on the premises, are most faithfully reproduced on shells, panels, plates, colored tiles, and also on silk, and satin.

—Tuesday, the 14th, was a day to be remembered by the Juniors. After a little feast, they took a long ramble in search of wild flowers, through the grove by "Our Lady of Peace."

—Visitors: Mrs. Heald, Bristol, Ind.; Mrs. Carter, Bryan, Ohio; Mr. Engel, Goshen, Ind.; Dr. Cole, Kokomo, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Julius, Mr. Carter, Niles, Mich.; Prof. Corby, Mr. Greens, Chicago; Mrs. Patterson, Bryan, Ohio.

—At the regular meeting of St. Clotilde's French Literary Society the reading was "*La Malade Imaginaire*," "*Petits Portraits*," by J. T. d'Antimorre; anecdotes from "*De la Semaine des Enfants*" were also related by the young ladies.

—At the regular reunion in the Junior Department, at which the Rev. Assistant Chaplain presided, the reading was "A Tribute to Joseph Rodman Drake," Fitz Green Halleck, by Bertha Legnard; "*L'Océan n'est pas un fluteur*," Ledrus, by Julia Butts; "*Der Alte Spielmann*," by Clara Ginz; and a translation of the "*Pange lingua gloriosi*" read by Catharine Campbell.

—On Sunday, Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father L'Etoile, Rev. Father Hudson and Rev. Father Saulnier, deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Father Hudson gave one of his eloquent sermons, and the Academy Choir, which contains several beautiful voices, sang in a manner to honor the occasion.

—At the regular Academic reunion the reading was "The Angelus," Charles Warren Stoddard—in the *Ave Maria*—by Miss Lancaster; "*Das Schloss am Meere*," Ludwig Uhland, by Miss McMahon; The Foster-Father and His Child, Father Frederick William Faber, by Miss Farrell; "*La Voiture Partagée*," S. Chamford, by Miss Cavenor, and "In Memoriam," by Miss Kirchner. It is given below. A beautiful copy in pen work has been framed and forwarded to the bereaved parents by the young ladies.

In Memoriam.

MISS MABEL HAMILTON DIED AT ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, NOTRE DAME, IND., APRIL 16TH, AGED 17 YEARS.

Affectionately Inscribed to her Bereaved Parents by the Pupils of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

I:
Flown in Life's morning,
Light on her wing,
Like some fairy birdling
Born of the spring,
Gliding in beauty,
Dove like, on high,
Fading in cloud land,
Lost in the sky.

II.

So doth our Mabel
Pass from the earth,
Just when most precious
Seemeth her worth.
Roses and sunshine,
Youth's promise bright,
Veiled like the day-star
Swallowed in light.

III.

Young hearts twine round her
Schoolmates most true,
Weep their beloved one,
Passing from view.
Ours is the sorrow,
Hers the release,
Hers exultation,
Triumph and peace.

IV.

O, father, mother,
Why mourn this child,
Snatched from earth's desert-land,
Dark and d. filed?
Guileless, untainted,
Sought she the goal,
Ere life's sad lessons
Clouded her soul.

V.

See her asleep there,
White as the bloom,
Gathered around her
Waiting the tomb;
Pure waxen fingers
Clasp the pale flower,
Type of her innocence,
Youth's priceless dower.

VI.

On her cold forehead
Gleams there no ray,
Caught, weeping father,
From day, endless day?
Lips, mute and lifeless,
Speak they not still,
Sweetly, most sweetly,
God's Holy Will?

VII.

'Neath the sealed beauty
Of those gentle eyes,
O, what a mystery
Lovingly lies!
Earth cannot solve it,
Time ne'er reveal
What death has hidden there,
Sealed with his seal.

VIII.

Father and mother,
Weep ye no more,
God who has taken her,
God can restore.
Trust in His mercy,
Hope in His grace,
Ye shall one happy day
Meet face to face.

SEMI-MONTHLY REPORT OF THE ACADEMIC COURSE.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Silverthorne, Killelea, McGrath, Keenan, Maloney, Ewing, Neteler. **1st SENIOR CLASS**—Misses Quinn, Danaher, Kirchner, Rosing, Hackett, Ryan, Cavenor, Sullivan, Ward, Gordon, A. Ewing, Buck, Farrell. **2d SR. CLASS**—Misses Smith, Dillon, Llyod, Claffey, Winston, Neu, Usselman. **3d SR. CLASS**—Misses Feehan, A. Dillon, Bruser, Gall, Fitzgerald, Wells, Loebner, Donnelly, De Lapp, Fox, Julius, Taylor, C. Wathen, S. Wathen, Palmer, McMahon. **1st PREPARATORY CLASS**—Misses Zahm, Campbell, Keys, Murphy, Hackley, O'Connor, Simms, Campbell, Lancaster, Gavan, Davis, Dessaint, Baroux, Orr, Butts, Greenebaum, Regensburg, Price, Callinan. **2d PREP. CLASS**—Misses Hammond, Thompson, Rasche, Fishburne, Papin, Reinhard, S. Semmes, Casey, Crummey, Engel, Swayze, Wall, Keena, Salomon, Horner, Halloran, Cleghorn, Leyden, C. Lemontey. **3d PREP. CLASS**—Misses McCormick, Brown, J. Wells, Garrity, Krieg, McCoy, Edelen, Paddock, Watson, Joseph, Moll, Reynolds, Tallman, Moxon. **JR. PREP. CLASS**—Misses Duncan, C. Lancaster, Ginz, Gibbons, Fleming, Reutlinger, G. Taylor, Carter, Barlow, C. Ryan, Legnard, E. Populorum, E. Ryan. **1st JR. CLASS**—Misses Harrison, Knighton, Hutchison, E. Papin, T. Ewing, Considine, Clarke, Zimmerman, Fisk, P. Ewing. **2d JR. CLASS**—Misses M. F. Fitzgerald, Wilkins.

FRENCH.

1st CLASS—Misses Silverthorn, Rosing, Lemontey. **2d Div.**—Misses I. Semmes, Cavenor, Neu, A. Ewing, S. Wathen. **2d**

CLASS—Misses Campbell, C. Wathen, Butts, Cox, Davis. **3d CLASS**—Misses Ryan, Feehan, C. Lancaster, S. Semmes, Baroux, Populorum, Fox, French, S. Papin. **2d Div.**—Misses Keys, Lancaster.

GERMAN.

1st CLASS—Misses Usselman, Gall, Julius, Regensburg, Horner, Saloman, Reinhard, Greenebaum. **2d CLASS**—Misses McMahon, Smith, C. Hackett, Bischoff, Loebner, Engel, Cronin, Krieg. **3d CLASS**—Misses Quinn, M. Fitzgerald, Ward, A. Dillon, Reutlinger, Ginz, C. Campbell, Butts, Duncan. **2d Div.**—Misses S. Semmes, Gibbons, Harrison, Chirhart, Hutchison, Casey, Fleming, Moll, Considine, Carter, Joseph, Jaeger, Moxon, Zimmerman.

Tablet of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, AND CORRECT DEPORTMENT.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Silverthorne, Killelea, Woodin, Hambleton, Ewing, Neteler, Sullivan, Ward, Ryan, Hackett, Quinn, Galen, Farrell, Danaher, I. Semmes, Dillon, Otto, Mitchell, S. Smith, Walsh, Cronin, Loebner, Fitzgerald, De Lapp, Gall, Wells, Bischoff, Bruser, McMahon, C. Wathen, S. Wathen, Palmer, Taylor, Zahm, Campbell, Keys, Murphy, Hackley, Lancaster, Simms, Dessaint, Baroux, Gavan, Davis, Regensburg, Greenebaum, Hammond, Horner, Saloman, McFadden, Thompson, Rasche, Reinhard, Halloran, Engel, Wurzburg, Keena, Wall, Swayze, A. Smith, Edelen, Reynolds, McCormick, Paddock, Brown, Kreig, McCoy, *par excellence*. Misses McGrath, Keenan, Maloney, Cavenor, Rosing, Buck, A. Ewing, Gordon, Kirchner, Lloyd, Neu, Usselman, Winston, Donnelly, English, Julius, Callinan, O'Connor, Orr, Cleghorn, Leydon, Purdy, Tallman, Moxon.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Claffey, A. Dillon, Fox, C. Campbell, French, Populorum, Van Namee, S. Semmes, Casey, Crummey, Fishburne, G. Taylor, McCloskey, C. Lancaster, Chirhart, E. Populorum, Ginz, Hucheson, Jaeger, T. Ewing, Knighton, Campau, *par excellence*. Misses Feehan, Butts, E. Hackett, Joseph, Moll, C. Ryan, Gibbons, Fleming, Duncan, Harrison, Considine.

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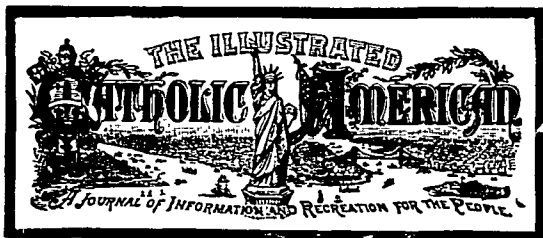
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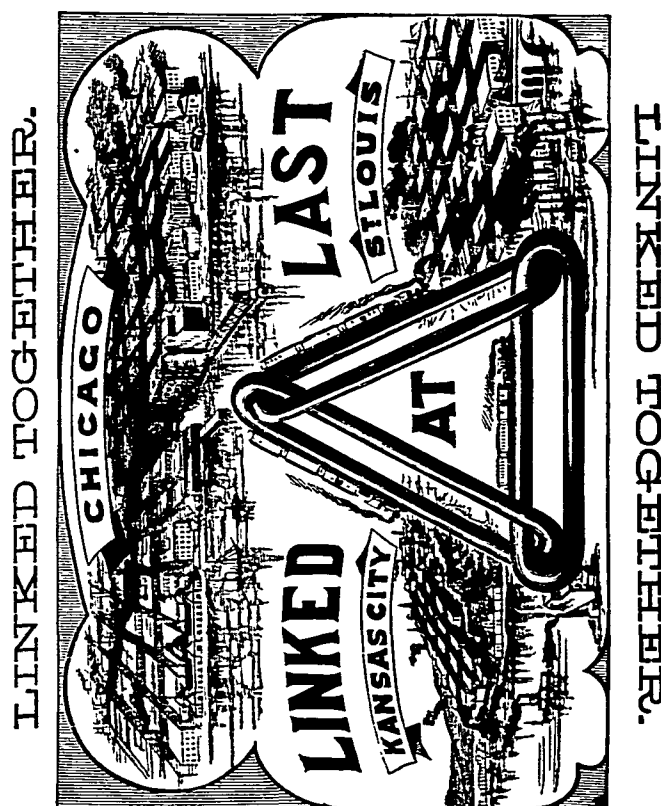
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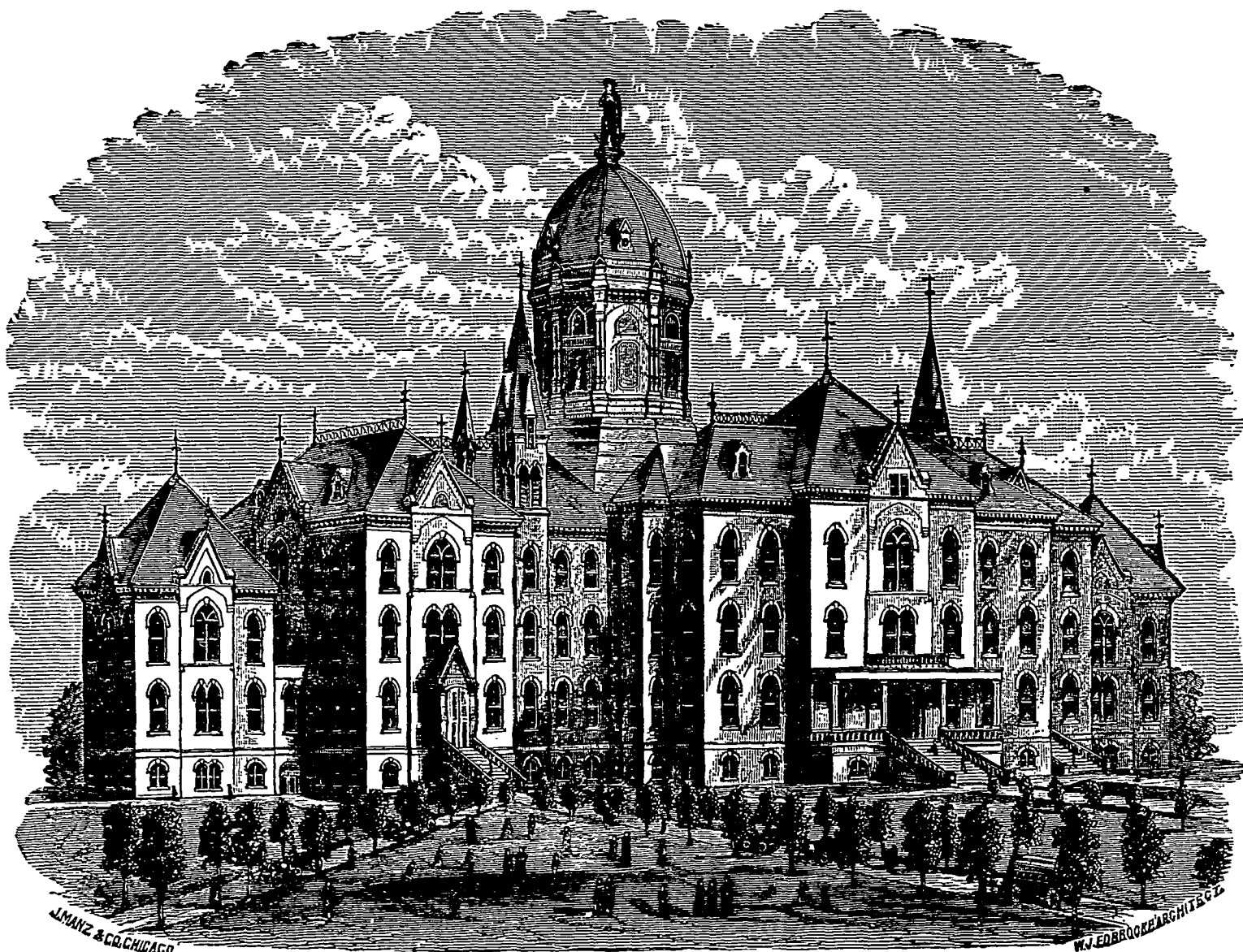
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